Prin. Your money. Poyn. Villaines. *As they are ſharing, the Prince & Poynes ſet vpon them, they all run away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two, runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweats to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roard! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let mee ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd, our friend true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. Zounds and I were now by this raſcal, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vncle, and my ſelfe, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcall is this and Infidell? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceed
ſelfe, and goe to buffets, for moui
with ſo honourable an action. Han
we are prepared. I will ſet forward
How now *Kate*, I muſt leaue you
Lady. O my good Lord, why are
For what offence haue I this fort
A baniſht woman from my *Harri*
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy go
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes v
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blo
And giuen my treaſures and my ri
To thicke-eyd muſing, and curſt m
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee wa
And heard thee murmure tales of
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy
Cry courage to the field: And the
Of ſallies; and retires, trenches, te
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets
Of baſilisks, of cannon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſould
And all the current of a headdy fig
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene
And thus hath ſo beſturd thee in t
That beds of ſweat haue ſtood vp
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſt
And in thy face ſtrange motions ha
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine
On ſome greet ſudden haſte. O what
Some heauy buſineſſe hath my Lor
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues m
Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with t
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre ag
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe
Ser. One Horſe, my Lord, he bro
Hot. What Horſe? a Roane, a cro

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